The Local Noodle

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Oars to Wars: Crew Team Blockades Taiwan

This spring break, the Middlebury crew team lent its significant firepower to the Chinese military.

Over spring break, the track team took their talents to San Diego, Frisbee stopped by in ole Walt Disney Land, and rugby had one of their dads pay for their trip to Italy. The crew team, however, had other plans. They used their week off to aid China's blockade on Taiwan.

After row, row, rowing their boat all the way to the South China Sea, the crew team focused on asserting Chinese sovereignty over the water within the nine-dash line, "especially the Spratly islands," added crew team member Shaft Stroker '26. Skinny fat senior, George Oarwell '25.5, complained that the "coxswain was screaming in Mandarin and started quoting Confucius and Chairman Mao. We were hella lost." Yet, the mission remained clear: fuck Taiwan.

Despite their minor grievances, many crew members appreciated the gratifying feeling of giving back to the international community and finally being rewarded for the collectivist nature of crew. The crew team has long prided itself on a work ethic comparable to those found in SHEIN factories. "Even though I helped build all those schools in the beautiful country of Africa during my 7th-grade mission trip, I've never really been so involved in such meaningful volunteer work before," said sophomore Moore Munn.

The trip ended in confusion after a group of other NESCAC crew teams also happened to book the South China Sea for their spring breaks. Rumor spread that there was a regatta happening somewhere off of the Taiwan coast. When the teams encountered one another, they began racing towards the shore and inadvertently invaded Taiwan, officially starting the China-Taiwan war – or, as PRC officials are calling it, "the War of Chinese (Re)Unification." "Guess I shoulda paid closer attention to that chapter in *The Art of War* titled 'Don't Send Liberal Arts Kids to the South China Sea, They'll Fuck Shit Up,'" coach Dee Gaff told Noodle reporters. "Oh well!"

"WHO DO I HAVE TO FUCK TO GET IN HERE?" SENIOR ASKS OTTER CREEK RETIREMENT HOME
Page let'skeepagoodthinggoing

OP-ED: HAS ANYONE FOUND THAT TAPE WITH ALL THAT INCRIMINATING FOOTAGE FROM ROME? HA HA, JUST WONDERING
Page clubsports

Four students found dead after a beer die mishap at the townhouses.

"That's Not Fair!" Grown Man Yells During Game of Senior Assassin

On March 26th at approximately 10:40 am, just hours into the Senior Assassin "Gotcha!" game, Wine E. Assbish, a twenty-two year-old grown-ass man, was heard shouting, "That's not fair!" after being eliminated. When the Noodle approached Assbish for a quote, he said he "wasn't looking," and "Do you know who my father is?" and "The SGA Senators will be hearing from me in the groupchat."

In lieu of wars and women, these fratty anglo saxon men have been searching for victory in child's play. But they have also failed at this, and they have not been coping well. "This was my last chance to prove myself now that my season's over." He sniffled. "And I could have won if it wasn't for the Senior Assassin DEI agenda. It's so hard for guys like me these days,"Assbish now whimpered.

"Bro, I totally could have beaten that guy in Pong, I mean he doesn't even look like he drinks," he continued, sizing up his opponent, a five foot one Math major, soft and buttercream white, who was currently hiding behind a potted plant to avoid his victim's rage. "Nobody even knows him, this game only rewards fucking losers…I was probably gonna get out anyway in the Bar Night line, but at least he doesn't know where that is."

When asked what happened, he said, "I was just leaving the locker room with my boys– going about my day– and suddenly this dude was squirting all over me. He literally shot his super soaker load all over my face. I was walking to class and I was drenched! Like so fucking soaked. He just kept squirting. I was swimming. I didn't know the tiny thing could get me so wet. But I'm just d r i p p i n g."

Reflecting on the situation only made Assbish more confused. "I had like 4200 hours on COD this year."

"Wait, don't vandalize that one."

Op-Ed: I Quit Vaping and Jerking Off for Lent

In my tireless quest for self-improvement, I made the difficult choice to give up vaping for Lent. I am by no means a religious person; in fact, the Catholic church is the opium of the masses and has caused more war, strife, and sexual identity crises than any other corporate entity in history. But, it's just become far too difficult to stroke my shit and vape at the same time.

Lent has offered me the opportunity to reflect on my choice to inhale flavored formaldehyde six to seven hundred times while I log in to see my online waifu every day. Think about it, how am I supposed to scroll Jerkmate, wank my willy, and hit my dome piece all at the same time? Juggling all three totally ruins my SPM (strokes per minute).

On day one of my rehabilitation journey, I awoke in a daze, only to look over and see that my Meta Moon Geek Bar was not nestled gently in her little cradle I had made using the Makerspace 3D Printer. I found myself yearning for a morning stroke and smoke, and at that moment, I realized I could not uphold my commitment to Baby Jesus. I fished my vape out of its locked drawer, threw that shit on pulse mode, and grabbed my trusty gallon jug of lube: let's get this party started. That head rush hit harder than an SGA President can slap a doorman at a party, and within 15 seconds I had achieved pure bliss. Suddenly, the popcorn lung clarity struck me: Lent is about giving up vices. Vaping while I jerk off isn't my vice; it's my lifestyle.

Op-Ed: I Joined the Houthis. Here's Why.

BY BARRON "SAYF AL-MUMININ" WILLIAM "AL-LAENAT AL-KUFAAR" TRUMP IBN DONALD

The world found out about the Houthi strikes on the USS Harry Truman around 1 a.m. EST on Sunday. I, however, had learnt about the details of the strike two days prior – when the leader of the Houthis accidentally added me to a Snapchat group chat along with Yahya al-Houthi and Abdullah al-Ruzami, two senior leaders of their military arm.

To the shock of my friends, by Saturday, I was on a plane bound for Sana'a, hoping to join the glorious Axis of Resistance against the Great Satan and its running dog, the Zionist Entity.

Being added to "Destruction of Satanic Firangi Zionist-Imperialist PC small group" on Snapchat while I was at a party trying to gather as many first-years' contact details as possible certainly came as a surprise. At first, I really didn't vibe with the turbanned Bitmojis and the need to Google Translate every single message. Considering their plans to strike U.S. military assets, I wasn't sure whether to maybe tell my dad what was going on.

However, as the Houthi leadership discussed their plans and justifications, I began to see the other side of the story. Maybe corrosive liberal influences weren't right for the Islamic world. Maybe the presence of US Army divisions near the Kaaba was an affront to God. Maybe the second occluded Imam will emerge from Ifriqiya to lead the Ummah against the forces of degeneracy! Maybe … and I still don't know about this one … Palestinians are human and don't deserve to be ruthlessly exterminated. But I'm not sure about that last one.

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Radical Empathy: a New Approach to Addressing Rodent Deaths in Bihall

To address recent complaints brought forward by rodent rights activist groups following the untimely deaths of scores of lab rats, professors in the life science departments at Middlebury have announced a new restorative rat-justice program, Sexyy Quality Utilization of Extreme Animal Kindness (SQUEAK).

The report detailed several failed surgeries and overdoses in rodents used for research in a biology lab. A spokesperson for the lab, Chris Perr, explained the purpose of such experiments: "The main thing we're trying to do here is see how rats will behave in a maze. Will they sit? Will they walk around? What about if we take their genitals away? Where will they walk then? What's more, what if we take their genitals away and also give them fentanyl?"

The coordinator of SQUEAK and also an active participant in the rodent research, Scal Pulle '28.5, commented "What SQUEAK will do is provide justice to these sad, hormonally-stunted rats. More specifically, we will give them back their balls." When asked how the castrated genitals would be returned to the animals, Pulle confidently added, "with empathy."

To address students' concerns over stunted research progress in biology labs without animal subjects, Pulle remarked, "We're gonna start using students, through a collaboration with the health center. In exchange for treatment of minor illnesses, we're gonna castrate them."